

Precious and Replaceable by femmesteve

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Summary:

Two sides to Billy and Steve's relationship

Precious and Replaceable

Author's Note:

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@FemmeSteve

The cute stuff made Steve squirm. Pretty boy, princess, darling... He ate it up anytime Billy touched his cheek and murmured an endearing name. Shivered and cuddled closer, silently begging for more praise.

He loved when Billy was mean too. When he fisted his hair and jerked his head back, biting viciously at his throat and calling him an absolute whore. It reduced him to just that. A whore who would do anything to please.

“Look at you crying on my cock like a little bitch,” Billy would mutter into his ear, tugging on the lobe with sharp teeth, “So pathetic.”

Billy would laugh at his enthusiasm. His eagerness to get Billy’s cock inside of him. Steve would slurp noisily on Billy’s thickness in a hurry to get him slicked up. Billy would shove his head down so he choked and Steve would moan pathetically, in love with Billy’s rough hand.

Billy would hold Steve down just like that, feeling his throat working aggressively around his cock.

“Don’t you dare throw up, Steve. Be a good boy and take it. Take it like the stupid whore you are,” Billy would hiss, tightening his grip in Steve’s hair and listening to Steve whine through his nose high pitchedly.

Steve would come off of Billy’s cock as soon as he was allowed to. He’d look up at Billy from the floor with adoration in his eyes and spit and come dripping down his chin. He’d nudge at Billy’s soft cock with his nose, tonguing softly at the sensitive flesh until Billy was pulling him away by his hair.

“Bring yourself off,” Billy would command.

Steve would obey immediately, spotting in his palm and fisting his cock. He'd make direct eye contact with his lover, face ruined and hair a mess. Billy would lick his lips at the sight and tell him he looked like a cheap bitch. That he didn't deserve to come. That he didn't deserve Billy's cock. Steve would come hard in his hand, a loud whine ripping from his throat.

Later when Steve was cleaned up and laying comfortable in one of Billy's shirts, he'd draw close and beg Billy to be kind to him again. To whisper in his ear and kiss him softly. So he could remember how quickly Billy could change.